

WAR HORNS,

Make Room for the

BUCKS

WITH

Green Bowes.



LONDON,

Printed for F. Haris, 1682.



(1)

On the Splendid
ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE
London-Prentices

AND
L O R D S
AT

MERCHANT-TAYLORS-HALL.

BY Heaven 'twas great, 'twas generous and free,
Worthy the Noble Sons of Loyaltie.
No squeamish *Whig* could long lie lurking near
To sower the sparkling Wine, or pall the clear.
None who again for forfeit Guineys bawl,
When finely chowſt at *Sequeſtrators-Hall* ;

Where the dear zealous Brethren's hopes were crost,
And Mother *Cause* forsooth her longing lost.

Our Wine and Venison-pasty only glads
The *Damme-Boys* and *Tory-Rory-Lads*.

First then for fashions sake let *CHARLE斯* go roun'
Tho' in the next *Huzzah's* his Name be drown'd ;
Gargle but that, we'll next provide you one

That all such venial sins shall o're attone.

Brave Boys about with't, and our *Tory Cubs*
Shall pledge it round tho' 'twere Duke Beelzebubs.

If firing Towns grown mad with Peace and Wealth,
Or Massacres design'd deserve an Health,
Then Piles of them shall safely pickled be,

Thrice noble *Blew-cap* for thy gang and thee.

Now if occasion should require it so,

We cold as well as hot by turns could blow :

As yet we've only shown our soothing Art,

But now have at the best, the cursing part.

Confusion to the City ! may she fall,

And crush her Brats beneath her tott'ring Wall.

Confusion to the Charter ! Gentle Devil

Assist, and you shall find us very civil.

If with the Council & Sir Ge^rgs^t you stand, Sir Ge^rgs^t
 We'll still remain your Servants to command.

Confusion to the Whigs! Huzzah! begin!
 Let none but Loyal-younkers enter in!
 Poor silly sober things are slighted there,
 Damn 'em! The Dogs can neither drink nor fwear,
 And if with those accomplishments unblest,
 Rott 'em, what makes a Prentice D— guest.

Hang all these godly fools! They spoil our mirth,
 And only serve to plague the Loyal Earth:
 Were't not for them we'd against Heaven rebel,
 And with a Boon-couragio drink to Hell.

So much for Loyalty; Pray think not much
 If now for Truth we take the other touch,
 Tho' with the Toys I've so long been plying,
 That I'm infected with the plague of lying.
 My Lips hang swearing-wayes, and what is worse,
 I can mouth nothing well besides a curse.

My

My Virgin-muse has learn'd to huff and rant,
She must her Bravo have, and her Gallant.

Well since the Banquet has debauch'd us so,
We'll turn their own Artillery on the foe,
And let 'em find when e'r they come in play
We've *Satyrs* that can lash as close as they.

Cuckolds keep home, unless you've learnt to fence,
You'll find a feeble Guard in *Innocence*.
Horrid affront, it never can be born,
Through all your Streets the Courtiers lift their Horn.
Does our Wife *Praetor* then esteem it best
To swop old Charters for a new vampt Crest ?

Come 'tother Hollow whilst the Rabble gathers
Your Hats you Rascals ! Don't you see your Fathers
Lean Guts tryumph, and for your joyful lucks,
Grumble *Hosannas* to the pair of Bucks?
At length the Horns are hous'd, a murrain on 'em
How longing Tory-wives did gloat upon 'em ?

The *Loyal Feast* one cry produces more
 Than staring *London* ever heard before.
 Is Bumkin by his Turnip-cart does go
 Spruce, Cit struts out with Tickets, Tickets hoa.
 What d'ye lack Sirs ? I'll use you as a friend,
 A lumping penny-worth to make an end.
 An hundred must to *Tory-Tom* be sent
 Forsooth, for standing by the Government ;
 For tho' an Oeconomick Barber, He
 Is in his Politick capacicie ;
 A noble Champion for the Causē, and so
 Tis thought he kist his *Holinesses* Toe,
 At which or'e joy'd said he, none's fit but I
 For Deputy unto a Deputy.

The Time draws nigh : make every Prentice fine,
 With Privy-members we anon must dine.
 We're drest in Prinkam-Prankam Sirs to day,
Bartholomew-Baby ne'r was half so gay ;
 What ever *Isabella* we come at
 Shall make a dainty Knot for our Cravat,

To mundifie our muzzles we prepare,
 And all in Querpo set our Beard and Hair
 Bedeck'd in Print, as if about to go
 With Mrs. *Abigail* to see a show.

Or after Sermon, in the Sundays Close,
 To stare upon *Borasky's* greasic Hose ;
 In Grandure we Advance from street,
 But scarce vouchsafe to let 'em touch our feet ;
 In stately sort we stalk erect, and steady,
 Fancying that we're all half Lord Mayors already.
 With arms cockt up, and Hatts a Kimbo plac'd
 The Prentice Lords each Lordly Prentice grac'd.
 The City you must know on Honour stands,
 And make the Courtiers come to kiss their Hands.

The happy place that entertains e'm all,
 (thank the good Master) *Merchant Taylers Hall.*

In *Tory-face* disguis'd I thither prest,
 And held my *Passport* up among the rest
Poets and *Preists* in vain long tales may tell
 Of a *broad easie* passage into Hell ;
 Me sure a *Narrow Entry* we did find,
 And thought we'd left all our *Butt-ends* behind.

Many a poor *Fizzle* was prest to death i'th crowd,
 Because they had not room to speak aloud ;
 Such store of hungry Wights did thronging come,
 That many a Loyal *Fart* felt Martyrdom.

Well now w'are in, lets walk about and view,
 Tho' the Suspitious *Tory* look askew.

Here's *Knight* and *Chimney-sweeper* at a board,
 A *Porter*'s there Conjumbled with a *Lord* ;
 So't be for th' good o'th' Cause what matter is't,
 Tho' *Count* and *Cobler*'s at it Hand to Fist ?

Tinkers may lay Phanaticks on their backs

As well perhaps as Gaffer *Hollie-x.* *Geo. Savill Manq. of H.*

A *Scavenger* that a lac'd Coat did see,

Cryes out amain, *You Master Lord, Here's t' ye !*

A *Dray-man* there without the least rebuke

Devoutly Drinks unto a Puny *Duke*: *Grafton*

Bless me ! thought I, if D--domes weigh no more,

T'en't worth the while to turn a *Princes Whore*

Into a private Corner next I got,
 Where near upon some thirteen Taylors sot;

B

Had

Had you been Heraclite you needs must laugh,
 To think they only made a *Man and half* :
 These State the Point, and band it *Pro and Con*,
 And Stickle ev'n to Admiration.

Roger's Sleeves
 Their Faith they fairly Pin on Roger's Sleeves,
 And politickly Damn the Whiggish Shrieves.
 Tho' hard I begg'd, the Gluttons would not spare
 To save my Life one Slice of Coucumber :
 To stay with them I was no longer able,
 Since not one half-penny Loaf was left at Table.

St. Crispin's Kinsman next would fain Translate,
 Underlay and Transmogrifie the State.
 First he the Whigs in his own Stocks would press
 With the new Shooing-horn of an Address ;
 Then with French Awls and Arbitrary Pegs
 Make fine Scotch-boots for *England's* gouty Legs.

The Spawn of every Company was there,
 From *Goldsmith* high to humble Gold-finder ;
 Tho' of the two upon a Poets word,
 Rather than be Tom-fool, I'de be Tom-T----.

My

My jaded Muse quite tir'd with baser sights,
 Amongst the Gentry (I'le assure ye !) lights,
 For sometimes Citt takes after Dad, and then
 As Todpoles turn to Toads, are Gentlemen :

At first the whisper'd Oaths but weakly rise,
 And Pierce with much ado the lift'ning Skies,
 'Till by fresh Cups their Souls at length were fir'd,
 And up to Heaven like *Lucifer* aspir'd :
 To shew their Breeding, Reason they displace,
 And Rail and Curse, and Swear with a good
(Grace.

Well down my Worship fate among the rest,
 And made as good a Tory as the best ;
 My next good-natur'd Neighbours Pulse I felt,
 And with some Scraps of *Roger* quickly melt :
 These Whiggish Dogs will never be content,
 'Till they have Undermin'd the Government ;
 The Protestant Hop-merchant next I Curse,
 But Protestant Kidnapper ten times worse.
 Elephant in by th' Shoulders now I bring,
 Then at the Maior of *Goatham* take a fling :

Then sagely bid true Catholicks beware

*In Hart's Station
Horn, Care
Titty Dated* Of Thumb, and that mischievous Munkey Care :

The Salamanca Doctor next I blame,

Ah Rogue ! 't'was he that first began the Game ;

He broke the Ice, and crackt our addled Plot,

Still, still it festers, ne're to be forgot :

Shams, shams, meer shams ! To bring the Story

(higher,

He did Invent the Powder-plot, and F I R E.

Of Screws, and Antipendiums I complain,

And then of Oats, and *Thumb*, and *Care* again : *Henry*

For since we've long exhausted all our store,

We're fain to Vamp new Stories ten times o're :

So when the Conscientious Bawd has bin.

Thrice paid for Mrs *Betty*'s tender sin,

She riggs her out as fine as fine may be,

And Chaffers for her fourth Virginity.

My Younkers humour I so well did meet,
He claps me on the Back and Smiles full sweet :
Ah Sir, said he, would we might never part,
You comfort up the Cockles of my Heart.

Whilst

Whilst thus he said, Informers walk the rounds,
And fright poor Whigg with high and mighty
(Zounds !

Tho' my suspitious Neighbour then was wroth,
I could no further reach than *Feth* and *Troth* !

Yet as the peeping Stewards by me past,
I thought I'de have a swinging Lie at last.

Gazing around with Face that feign'd content,
And Eyes tuckt up with zealous Wonderment;

Unto the Stars I lift my ample Paw,

And Vow'd a *Nobler Sight I never saw* ;

Sure that was Loyal, Sirs, for I'le defie

Roger or *Nat* to tell a fatter Lie. (think,

'Twas stretcht enotigh in Conscience one would,
But what spoil'd all, I could not Damn nor drink.

Those two fine Feats to their eternal Glories

Are the Characteristicks of the *Tories*.

The Grand Projectors of the doughty Feast,

Could not upon me find the *Mark o'th' Beast*.

Away they trudge with mickle haste to call

A little Devil that lurkt about the Hall : (cramm'd
Some Half-penny Devil, who so his Guts were
With Venson-Pasty, would be doubly Damn'd;

He

He they resolve with speed shall Leiger lie,
 And Skulk in some Surveyor-Generals Eye ;
 Either he crept into some City-Spark,
 Or Master Justices ingenious Clark,
 Who with Oraculous Responses bigg
 Opens his Jaws, and roars, *A Whig, a Whig!*
 The *Tories*, as their Irish brethren doo,
 Look on, and set up their Aloo, Aloo !
 Alas ! poor Poet, whither wilt thou goe ?
 Sure they'll eat Thee, they stare upon thee so.
 Young Whiggs were for Addressors dainty Food,
 Could they eat all, and so destroy the Brood:
 When *Duncomb* came, and caught me by the Poll,
 I would have crept into an Augur-hole,
 Thinking before so many Worthy Men,
 H' had pickt out me for one o'th' *Nine* or *Ten*.

Come Sir, through all your thin disguise you're
 For you're a *Whigg*, a most *Notorious* one ; (known,
 Shabb out ! for if th' Informers words be true,
 Each bit of *Tory Venson* poysons you.

As pale *Abhorers* after Message sent
 To come and talk with Master *Parliament*,
 So lookt poor I, struck with such Pannick fears,
 When he had stript my Wolves-skin o're my Ears ;

So

So shrinks the Lamb, which leaving usual wayes,
Into a Den of hungry Tygers strayes.

If all their Bacon, Tarts, or Venson make me (me !

Come there agen, e'ne let the -- D — uncomb take (Chas. Duncombe
Sincere knight)

Well, out I walkt a while to take the Air,
And think all sweet, but yet I will not Swear.
Before my trembling Carkass reacht the Door,
Twas *damn'd, plagu'd, blooded, wounded* o're and o're.
When their weak malice dar'd no more than that,

Nay then thought I, Curse on ! you'l make me fat;

I stood in fear of Godfrey's long *Crevat*:
For if the Consult had my fall decreed,
Hang-men enow were there to do the Deed,
Who then could Swear that I ungracious Elf
With a Ropes-end had madly Stabb'd my self.

Rambling from thence, what should accost my
But a fine little chip of M----ty. (Eye
Are scattered Images reduc'd to this,
To Dine with Loyal City-Prentices !
Sure Reynard keeps you short, or some cross Whore
Has hid away the Key o'th' Buttery-dore,
Since at so cheap a rate he you does Board.
That no afternoons Luncheons he'll afford..

Conie

On the Buck roasted. Come, strike up, Fiddlers, whilst the Healths be,
The City's Guardian Angel enters in ; (gin,

Statelier Brow-Antlers since the World began,
Did never grace a Loyal Alderman :

Ware Horns, quoth I, some fearful Cuckold's fled,
And held their hands aloft to save their Head. (on,

S. Jeffrys. Sir *George*, like's namesake whose fine feats we brag
Fear'd them no more than t' other did the Dragon ;
Nor *Buck* nor *Bull* he fears, whose stately Horns
May safely measure with an *Unicorn*'s :

Tho' thick Huzzas the gaping Rabble bawl,
He sets his Flood-gates ope, and drowns 'em all :

'Twas well the Stag was dead ; one else might
The City-kennel was to hunt it there. (swear

Well, if himself he can't the Widdow catch,
Sir *George* has friends will help to make the Match.

As hur n'own Countrey-man expecting lay,
And for one drop of Plessings long did Pray,

Till from apove *Madge* that had spy'd the Knave
Mouthfulls of shitten Penedictions cave,

So *Visitations* his poor House befell,
Some *Honourable Members* know it well.
So were his hopes most pleasingly beguild,
He only ask't a *Wife*, St. *Taffy* lent a *Child* :

Out,

Out, out ! you nasty Curr ! what's here to do ?
 Are all the *Tory-dogs* Addressors too ?
 We thought some *Mongrel* under table Sat,
 And twas alas ! our *Demy-Martyr Nat.*
Whigg on his face so many Caudles makes,
 You'd think him nothing but a moving Jakes.
 Fine addled Eggs are sent with easy knocks,
 And kennel dirt Be-jesemy his Locks.
 His T—ds are Reliques, and (if you'll believe it)
 Are *Transubstantiated* into Civit.
 Now, tho' by every *Whiggish Skip* abhor'd,
 He's Company for any *Tory Lord*

Now faithful Squire to valiant Knight gate near,
 And something buzz'd in his attentive Ear.
 If any Beggar, Burges, Peer, or Earl
 Brings Tale, or Tidings of a Squint-ey'd Girl,
 Or knows who scandaliz'd a *Lady* fair,
 To th' *George-a-Horse-back* let 'em strait repair :
 If their Enquiry be not made in vain,
 They shall receive -- their labour for their pain.

When *D* _____ came to compliment the Rout,
 Twas time for Mr. *Whig* to tack about :
 For fear agen he my concerns enquire,
 I make a Congee backward and retire.

Amongst sad *Mortals* next my *Muse* did ply,
 That briskly swore, and drunk they knew not why.
 For any Reason they ne'r know nor care,
 But would be damn'd because their betters were.
 And such I hop'd would naked truth confess
 About their great *Diana*, the *Address*.
 A hopeful *Lad* that at the *Top* did sit,
 With *Elephantine* Crown and *Pigme* Wit;
 Thus did the *Marrow-bone* 'oth' matter state,
 And by his Masters ballance regulate.

Troth neighbour *Tom* I'd no great mind to do't,
 But that my Master wou'd perswade me to't.

care not what, but as the *Parson* faith,
 Kindly subscribe with an implicit faith.

If all the Loyal Party *Asses* be ;
 My comfort is I've store of company ;
 Who now in rank and file prepare to stand,
 Against a Paper found in *Fairy-Land*.
 An Oath was in *Utopia* stir'd of late,
 That the *Phanaticks* did *Associate*.
 There's slight of hand ; here take your bag again,
 We've only knit it with an Oath or twain.
 None dare affirm we left the knacks behind ;
 Tho' most will say that such as hide can find.
 Others will front as hard, and sense as small
 As neighbouring Stones in the contiguous Wall ;
 Stretch'd underneath some plaster'd half-built sheds,
 Were over-grown Addressing Logger-heads.
 Such strapping *Lads* were never seen before,
 Fine well-grown *Prentices* about threescore :
 Stay'd *Prentices*, who live in care and fear
 As far as their *Climacterick* year.

Son *Jack*, come put this piece of *Ven'son* up,
 'Twill serve anon to make y our *Mother* sup.

Her everlasting Clack will ne'r be still,
 Unless we find some Grist to stop her Mill.
 Sure lightest hands these *Tory Masters* carry ;
 They give a *Prentice* liberty to Marry ;
 Or else the *Loyal* Part o'th' Nation use
 To spawn perpetual Bond-men like the *Jews*.

Around the Boards our zealous Gluttons lie,
 (Saving your Presence) e'n like Swine in Sty :
 VVhen large *Pig-wiggin-Hall* the heard contains,
 Grunting Confusions to the Beans and Grains.
 One's Farting, t'other Pissing, t'other Roaring,
 This chewing Cud on delicious VWhoring.
 This takes a *Lamb* for *Whig*, and maudlin grown,
 Gnaws till he only leaves the naked Bone,
 VVhilst his next neighbour *Greedy-gut* does chuse
 To scrape acquaintance with his Brother Goose.
 One *Cannibal* had rather eat by half,
 A plate of his own Flesh and Blood a Calf ;
 VVhilst some fate grumbling by in doleful dumps,
 And nothing could procure but Cabbridge-stumps.

Pray who's that Younker there so apt to quarrel,
 As nimble as a Fly in a Tar Barrel ?
 Answer a civil Question if yon can !
 VVhoſe Bastard was the *Croydon Basket-man* ?
 Or if that puzzles you, at Least declare
 VVhere I might find your VVorships *Grandfather*.
 Arms useleſs are : Tho' no old Coats you've known,
 Yet your *Atchievements* round the Land are flown.
 A Monarchs By-blow sounds not bigger than
 The ſon of one of th' *Affidavit* men.

Mobile ! know your diſtance , and stand further,
 Here moves in State another Knight 'oth' Order
 Sir *Will' oth' Wisp* a base attempt has made ,
 To cheat poor *Boglander* of all his Trade:
 The swearing Company will ner'e Dispence
 His Worſhip ſhould ſet up for *Evidence* ;
 Oaths are impropriate to the Irish *Nation*
 Yet hee'll intrude upon ther Occupation.
 Somewhat 'twas made him eager on the Sport,
He had a School-Miſtrisſ in *Salisbury Court*.

Wh

Who disciplin'd him in the A, B, C,
 Of her own Country Lingua *Perjury*
 He Lov'd her well, yet durst not bring my Joy
 To dandle his fine little *Naked-Boy*
 But least Suspicious *Whig* should her be Dodging,
 To *Blooms'bry Square* he's now remov'd her lodg'g.

One still I lack if my Memoirs are true,
 The great *Factotum* of the scribbling Crew,
 The Idol whom dark Lanthorns crouch before,
 And *Sam*'s admiring Customers adore ;

On the absence of the Guide to the Inferior Clergy, from the Feast.

VVhen Father *Ratt*'s detain'd his treacherous Foe,
 And all his *Orphan'd* Sons can hardly go,
 The staring Fools creep shuffling up and down,
 An easie Prey to every Cat in Town.
 So when poor *Roger* sadly shiting lies,
 In melting Groans and stinking Extasies ;
 'Antivy-Boys, alas, have lost their *Guide*,
 And unto Bishop *Satan* *Blindfold* ride.

Crape Gown more black in Tears his absence mourns,
 And into *Muckinders* his *Surplice* turns,

If

If he's not there, to *Sam's* make hast away,
Ride Post, or else the Banquet will not stay!

Non est Inventus yet? Then, Doctor! go
To *Cresswells*, he's there may be, who does know? *a Bank*
For oft from her Obsequious little *Things*
You have receiv'd your *Tythes* and *Offerings*.

*ab
the
the
ler.
the* Not there! to *Pancrace-Church* then, Doctor! pass.

Perhaps he's gone with Madam *B—ss*; *Court of Barking*
Or to *Paul's Portico*, to seek him run!

May-be he's charging Dame *Joanna's Gun*. *John Bromley Gun
Stationer*
To *Wild-house Chappel* next with speed repair;

Tis ten to one but you may find him there.

If all this strict Enquiry don't avail,
I'll tell you where, I'me sure you cannot fail.

Go to the *Printers*! ask if *Roger* stay'd.

To reason with the *Master*, or the *Maid*?

A general Warrant, Sir, will hardly do,

To rummage both the *Maid* and *Papers* too.

No longer for the Books he now does care,

But did his *Imprimatur* place on Her

Store of good Pains, if he'd the Truth confess,

He took to Rectifie her *Printing-Press*.

Whether

Whether *That* was incorrigible grown,
 Or weary *He*, it never could be known.
 Some think the *bulky Volume* swell'd so high,
 He made no more ado, but threw it by ;
 And Shame and Charge of *Publishing* to save,
 Hid the *Impression* under-neath a *Wave*.
 Come Through-Bridge, *Hoa !* at *Greenwich* I'le contrive
 To teach the unwieldy Damsel how to dive :
 Her Belly then I'me sure will tell no Tales,
 When sent to feed the *Haddocks* and the *Whales*.
 Lest either of Ill-usage should complain,
 Nor *Maid*, nor *Papers* e're were found again.

Thus tir'd with Fools and perpetual Throng,
 And half turn'd both with tarrying there so long.
 Kind Heaven some timely pity on me took,
 And brought me to a silent empty Nook ;
 In melancholy Musings there I lay,
 Grieved so profusely to have lost a Day.
 On bended Arm I lean'd my weary'd Head,
 Till by degrees the sad Remembrance fled.

My heavy Balls with Janquid motions roll,
And sleep lets down the windows of my Soul.
Fancy that alwaies there too strong will be,
Now pleads prescription for her Tyranny.
To her fantastick Regions me she bears,
And my dull Soul on her fledg'd pinions bears,
Where present, past, and future things remain
In their old Chaos huddled up again.
The different painted forms her Art did joyn
In a Propheetick Structure all Divine.
Before my gazing mind at first she plac'd
Brittania fair in Neptunes Arms embrac'd.
Three batter'd Crowns on her faint Head she bore,
Plunder'd of all the Gems that once she wore
By some sleek Parasite, or wheadling Whore;
Wounded, distress'd, forsaken on the ground,
Her parting Soul just struggling at the wound.
Thrice had the Surgeons met to ease her pain,
Thrice were they roughly frighted home again.
Her graceless Sons about her scoffing stood,
And quafft Huzzah in her fresh reeking blood.

D For

For Cordials Mortal Poysons they bestow,
 And Vy whose Dagger strikes the deepest blow.
 In vain to all the World for help she cries,
 In vain she shew's her bleeding *Breasts and Eyes* ;
 Whilst all her ancient Friends ignobly sleep,
 Her *breasts bleed Tears, her Eyes warm Blood did weep*,
 Gasping for *Life* on her polluted *Sands*,
 To gracious Heaven she lifts her dying *Hands*.
 Is it decreed just Heaven, she said ? am I
 By these ungrateful *Vipers doom'd to dye*?
 Might my great Soul a Noble *Exit have*,
 With *Trophies Crown'd* I de Hide into my *Grave*.
 By Conqu'ring *France*, were I design'd to fall,
 I'de make a *Triumph of my Funeral*.
 But those whom my indulgent care has bred,
 Not only wish to see, but strike me dead.
 So groans a *Gyant by a Pigmy slain*,
 And grieves for the *Dishonour, not the Pain*.
 Now helpt by an infernal *Irish Crew*,
 Those *Cannibals* her mounting Soul pursue.

But

But yet e're from the lab'ring Breast it part,
 Would riper up, and knew her bleeding heart.
 Whilst Death danc'd round her swimming fault'ring
 Life's weak Remains they meant to sacrifice ; (E, es,
 When from on High the scatter'd Clouds gave way,
 And out there leapt a warm and peaceful Ray.
 A heavenly Watcher cuts the yielding Air,
 In Time's least pulse appearing here and there.
 Bright Lambent flames around his Temples move,
 And strike mild Terrour mixt with awful Love.
 That glitt'ring Sword unsheathe'd aloft he bore,
 Which at the dreadfui Combat Michael wore.
 Lightnings it's Edge, and Bolts its Point compose,
 Bolts that did never miss the Thund'rers Foes ;
 Under whose strokes the quiv'ring Villains fell,
 As Conquer'd Angels tumbled into Hell.
 Then smiling like the Suns Meridian shine,
 Rais'd bleeding England with an Arm Divine.
 Earth's deaf (said he) but Heav'n has heard thy groan,
 And once agen will fix thy falling Throne.
 By Heaven inspir'd new Hydra Plots I see,
 To ruin all thy genuine Sons and thee.

Let

Let 'em Plot on! what e're they would conceal,
 Almighty Mercy quickly can reveal.
 Let 'em Plot on, nor their weak Malice fears,
 In Time's dark Register their Fall is near.
 When all Oppressing Nimrods shall come down,
 And leave this happy Land her old Renown;
 When Europe's Ballance thou agen shalt be,
 And those that hate Thee now, shall envy Thee.

